DO YOU VIBRATE? Page 910.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The Jews and the Peerage: "Modern Life" Scores Again.

The Jews are still in the ascendant, and another member of Jewry has been added to the Peerage in the person of Sir Rufus Isaacs, Lord Chief Justice of England. He is the ninth Hebrew to win a coronet, though there has been, curiously enough, only one Jew who could claim to have been a "born" member of the Upper Chamber. That gentleman is the one-time Louis Samuel, who is not unknown in the silver market. He came into the world as one of ten children whose father, the son of a Liverpool watchmaker, was already being given seats on Currency commissions, and had moved into the neighbourhood of sedate Kensington Palace Gardens.

Old Monty Samuel had married a Cohen, like Sir Rufus Isaacs, and he had bought a fine old place near Southampton, called Swaythling. Twenty years ago Monty achieved a baronetcy. In the interim, his fortune mounted up tremendously, and his firm have now got the Indian silver market practically "all to themselves!" One of Monty's relations was that energetic youngster, Mr. Herbert Samuel, whose eloquence and perspicacity had secured for him a certain place in Mr. Asquith's party, and no sooner did the Radicals come into power than one of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's first coronets went to Monty Samuel!

* * *

A Good Old English Name.

The old gentleman, in 1907, thus became the first "Lord Swaythling," a title which was doubtless selected for its peculiarly Saxon sound. With the ennoblement of Monty Samuel all his ten children became "Honourables," of course, and a whole race of new "aristocrats" may be said to have been grafted upon the hoary stem of Norman nobility in Britain at one fell blow. Old Monty Samuel did not long survive his "ennoblement," but he lived long enough to see the whole of his children drop the name of Samuel and—shades of Warwick the Kingmaker, the Black Douglas! and "Old Q"—take upon themselves the good old English name of Montagu, which has been the handle of a hundred earls of the Duke of Manchester's and Earl of Sandwich's families! When Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, told King Edward what Campbell-Bannerman had done, His Majesty replied that he was sorry for the Montagus, but sorrier still for Campbell-Bannerman!

* * *

Curious Heirlessness of our Jewish Peers.

Samuel "Montagu," first Lord Swaythling, died a few years after his addition to the Roll of Peers, and his son, the present Lord Swaythling, is the only Jew who boast a peerage inherited, and not created for him. wife was Rachael Goldsmid, and they have a son who become third Lord Swaythling some day. But up till although Jews have figured in the Peerage of En long before anybody living was born—that you know before, did you?—no Jew has yet been success handing his coronet down to posterity. For a race is remarkable for its fecundity this failure of heirs Jew peers is curious.

At the present time the Jews show no improvem the past. Sir Rufus Isaacs has one son, but one a poor assurance for a title, as any old English nob will tell you. The oldest of the Jewish peerages yet is that of Rothschild. It was conferred upon Nat Meyer Rothschild nearly thirty years ago, and his ship has two bachelor sons to enjoy it after him. them it will be extinct. In 1895 another Peerage given to a Jew, the Anglo-Austrian Baron de who was an energetic politician, and had a lot to do the abolition of the sugar bounties. He had no so all, and his widow lives entirely abroad, and was in form at the Befana Ball in Rome last Tuesday. chimney-sweeps distributed the gifts to the four hun guests, and the Tango was the dance of the eve

* * *

"Modern Life" Two Months Ahead of its Rivals.

Lord Wandsworth's title is already extinct, alth it was only created in 1895, but his brother's barony of Michelham, seems likely to last a few years, for Lordship has two little sons. Sir Rufus Isaacs certainly be the most ornamental Jew who has beco peer, for he will be the only Jew who can boast that peerage was not merely the reward of contributio the party exchequer. All Lord Chief Justices are barons nowadays; so Sir Rufus's new title is of the official order.

Exactly two months before Sir Rufus's final sele was announced, *Modern Life* told its readers that he become "Lord Reading." It will be remembered t few days after Mr. Buckmaster and Sir Rufus wer in the legal rotula, the King knighted the new Stanley Buckmaster," as Solicitor General, but did ennoble Sir Rufus. So we said: "This is not an tional slight, but is owing to the difficulty the family are having in arriving at a satisfactory title. Rufus has no intention of becoming 'Lord Isaacs.' wants to be 'Lord Reading.'" That was on Nov 8th, seven weeks before the new L. C. J. was ma Peer. The Peerage came along right enough in the Year's Honours' list, and on January 8th Sir announced that he would become "Lord Reading."

* * *

Will Sir Rufus be the First Jew Viscount?

Now, just a word of advice to Sir Rufus. If he in mind any impressive way of celebrating his acc to the nobility, he might take a leaf out of the one of his predecessors, with profit. This was the Lord Esher, father of the present Constable of Wi Castle. Mr. Justice Brett rose to be Lord Chief J of England, and was made Baron Esher. He was so of his fine face and figure that he had his statue eng for his tombstone some years before he died, so th might admire himself in effigy. However, he was de to go up again in the social scale, and when they mad a Viscount he was faced with a difficulty. He had his baron's corbnet engraved upon his statue, and n was a viscount! So he had to have the whole remodelled, at quite a considerable cost, so that his bauble might be properly depicted for posterity. It is by no means improbable that Sir Rufus may also first Jew Viscount in the British peerage, he may this hint worth remembering.

* * *

Bids for Titles.

Peerage claims are becoming frequent, and six are at present pending before the House of Lords. claimants are, it is understood, very hopeful in the rather slight grounds on which two or three have been called out of abeyance. One was the Furnival barony, the abeyance of which was determ last April in favour of the Hon. Mary Petre, a

thirteen, and another the ancient barony of Latimer, which was called out of abeyance in favour of the banker-poet, Mr. Francis Coutts.

Neither of these successful claimants was the senior co-heir. Thus not only was an injustice done other co-heirs, but in each case an hereditary honour was added to a roll which already is far too long. It might be thought that Crown Counsel dealing with a claim to an ancient peerage would be guided by a certain point on feudal law, but seemingly this is not so. Under feudal law when a peerage became abeyant between co-heiresses it should so remain until the heirship rests with one person, who would then have the sole claim. Under these circumstances the Sovereign could determine the abeyance without injustice to other persons.

A claimant to an abeyant honour is, of course, entitled to it, if the King decides to call it out of abeyance in his or her favour. But the Committee of Privileges reports for, or against, a claim, and His Majesty acts on the recommendation. Most of the peerage cases heard lately have not been claims of right at all, but merely petitions to the Crown for the favour of the determination of an existing abeyance; in other words, bids for a title. Petitions are first referred to the Attorney-General, who should promptly discourage them unless claims of right. Sometimes the Sovereign acts on this law official's recommendation; but generally the Attorney-General advises the Crown to refer the matter to the Lords, whose Committee of Privileges is usually favourably inclined if the "claim" should happen to be backed by position and wealth.

* * *

Favouritism in the Yeomanry.

Lord Binning, the Earl of Haddington's son and heir, has received a year's extension in the command of the Lothians and Border Horse, this being the second, if not third, time that he has been thus favoured. A former officer of the "Blues" who has had a distinguished career, including several terms of active service, Lord Binning makes an admirable commandant of this smart yeomanry regiment; but these extensions are unfair to officers anticipating promotion.

Lord George Scott will be the next commanding officer, but he is not so much affected thereby as his juniors, for he holds the post of second-in-command of the regiment, the Lothians and Border Horse being the only yeomanry unit which has a second-in-command.

* * *

A Forgotten Indian Romance.

A coming-of-age of romantic interest during 1914 is that of Mr. H. J. Johnstone, eldest son of the late Major J. H. L'Estrange Johnstone, R.E., of the Hangingshaw, Selkirkshire, whose twenty-first birthday is in May. Major Johnstone inherited the Hangingshaw estate of his father, the late Mr. James Johnstone of Alva, Clackmannanshire, whose grandfather was associated with the great Clive in India. This eighteenth century Johnstone was John, a younger son of Sir James Johnstone, third baronet of Westerhall, Dumfries-shire. Like many another portionless scion of an old Scot's house, he sought fortune in early life in India, where family influence procured him a position with the East India Company. Steadily working he had already attained some distinction when he was seized with a dangerous illness, and but for the assiduous nursing of a wealthy Calcutta resident, an elderly widow without family, would have died. She adopted the young Scotsman as her son, and at her death left him a fortune of considerably over £100,000. This lady had an only brother, but they had been separated in infancy, and she did not know whether he were living or dead. Anxious to enjoy his good fortune while young, Johnstone soon converted the bequest into money, intending to buy an estate in Scotland, and was just sailing from Calcutta when he casually met a man who proved to be his benefactress's brother.

Johnstone refused to accept his inheritance, and handed it to, as he considered, the rightful owner. The latter wanted to take only half, but Johnstone obstinately refused a share, and beginning again the task of acquiring fame and fortune, succeeded beyond expectations. With a fortune more than twice as large as that which his high principles had caused him to renounce, he returned to Scotland, and he purchased several large estates, including Alva and the Hangingshaw. John Johnstone fought at Plassey, which battle laid the foundation of our Eastern Empire. He commanded the artillery there, and by his skilful management greatly contributed towards Clive's famous victory.

* * *

Romance of the Kintore Earldom.

Lord Kintore, whose estates in Scotland are being sold, owes his earldom to the fact that an ancestor, Sir John Keith, had something to do with saving the Scottish Regalia from falling into the hands of Cromwell's troops, but it is by no means certain that Sir John duly earned the reward.

"The honours of Scotland," the Crown, Sword of State and the Sceptre of the Scottish Kings, were placed for

SITTING IT OUT.

(The fashion of miniature paintings on ladies' cheeks has been revived in Vienna.—News Par.)

The idea seems worth following in these days of time-saving appliances. Our artist suggests a few miniatures by which ladies can save time in indicating their desires to their admirers.

safety by the Earl Marischal in Dunnottar Castle, but when that stronghold was besieged they were removed in secret. Captain Ogilvy, of Barras, who had charge of the defence, wrote, when it was evident that Dunnottar must capitulate, to Charles II., asking him to send a ship to Dunnottar for the Regalia, but this was impossible, so his wife devised a plan to keep the jewels from grasping Puritan hands. Mrs. Ogilvy sent for Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister at Kineff, who was allowed by the English officer in command of the besiegers to enter the castle with her maid. The two came away with the Regalia (Mrs. Grainger had the Crown in her skirts, and the maid the Sword and Sceptre in a bundle of flax), and the English officer gallantly assisted the minister's wife to mount her horse. At dark the treasures were safely hidden under the flags of Kineff Church, where they remained until the Restoration, when John Keith, second son of the Earl Marischal, for telling a fictitious tale, was given an earldom and a pension of £400. Captain Ogilvy's reward was a baronetcy, and the real saviour, Mrs. Grainger, got the inadequate recompense of two thousand crowns.

* * *

Honours for a Fictitious Story.

When Dunnottar surrendered, fruitless search was made for the Regalia. The minister and his wife fell under suspicion, and were even tortured, it is said, but they remained faithful to their trust. Eventually, Mrs. Ogilvy made a confession. She had, she averred, with the assistance of Keith, smuggled the jewels away. The story was confirmed from the Continent by Keith, who wrote saying the Regalia was safe in the possession of Charles II. After this, the Commonwealth took no trouble about the "Honours of Scotland," though all the time they lay buried in Kineff Church, being occasionally wrapped in fresh cloths by the minister and his wife.

Captain Ogilvy was dissatisfied with his reward, and told the true story in a pamphlet, but Keith declared it was a libel, and the author was fined by the Privy Coun Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the p played by the first Earl of Kintore, in saving the Scot Regalia, was limited to the corroboration of a fictiti story invented by Mrs. Ogilvy, a daughter of the ho of Douglas, and it is noteworthy that a book publish on the subject three or four years ago does not defini place the credit of preventing the "Honours," which r repose in an iron cage in the Castle of Edinburgh, be seized by Cromwellian forces. The credit undoubted belongs to the minister's wife, though not until a cent and a half afterwards was the loyal woman honoured her real part in the transaction.

* * *

"Impertinent Young Man!"

Graceful acts of our late King Edward come to li every day. A hitherto unpublished incident, which t place when he was Prince of Wales, further displays courtesy and appreciation of pluck. An Irish peer renowned for her skill as a horsewoman, was endeavo ing to break in a skewbald, which had a rooted objecti to four-in-hands. She took him to the park one morni whilst the coaches were driving through, and had endl trouble with him, but on their return the horse sto perfectly passive as they rattled by. A gentleman on first coach raised his hat with a courtly bow, and Lady— turning to a friend who had just ridden up, exclaime "Who was that impertinent young man? I don't kn him!" "That, my dear, was the Prince of Wales." Lady —— was pleased. She realised that the Prince given public recognition of his appreciation of her sk

The "Boulevardier" of a Manchester weekly chroni the story of a fair Parisienne, who when her husband around, displayed a red nose to "the other fellow This was probably to avoid a black eye.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

BLACK AND WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Editors are funny people. I've been one, so I know. But one does expect some consideration from an old friend. Yet here is the editor of this lively paper hurling at me letters and telegrams, like bombs from an aeroplane, to the effect that he must have immediately what he calls a "new feature"—frank, bright, interesting, non-party, and above all things, pungent. And, knowing him as I do, I can see at the back of his mind the expectation of getting something poetic, romantic, literary, dramatic, Shakespearian, Bernard-Shawy, H. G. Wellsy, Mark Twainy, Sir Owen Seamany—all rolled into one in a thousand words and at a moment's notice. It can't be done, my respected editor, it can't be done. Yet never shall it be said, if Jonathan Grub Strete has anything to do with it, that a journalist flinched so long as he had a bit of pencil and a bit of paper. So here goes for something a little heavy, perhaps, but partially pungent, for a start. And if you, dear reader, can stand it, I'll try to be a little brighter and more pungent in future weeks.

I've chosen a big topic, but a topic that comes well within the range of a paper called *Modern Life*. For my subject is one of the greatest things of modern life, if you conceive life as I conceive it—a thing that embraces everything of interest in our wonderful Empire. It is the subject of "Race."

The Anglo-Saxon race is one great family which has sent out many branch lines. We are all one in blood and ancestry and traditions and history. Even as in some old historic family all the cadet branches have as much part and pride in their house as the head of the family, so has every young branch of the Anglo-Saxon race as much part in British history as the inhabitants of the British Isles. The best of the traditions of the days of chivalry ought to be as much a part of the history of the Canadian, the Australian, and the South African branches of our race as they are of us who still live on British soil, for we all descend from the actors in the scenes of those bygone days. In this matter we are different from every other European race, for with us there has never been an absolutely exclusive noble caste. With us for a thousand years some families have been rising, some sinking, and inter-marriages between members of the different strata of society have continually been taking place. There is hardly any-body of the Anglo-Saxon race in Britain, in America, in Africa, or in Australia, in whose veins does not flow, if he only knew it, some of the blood of those who built up our civilisation and founded our legal and constitutional system—who fought at Hastings, in Palestine, at Bannockburn, at Crecy, at Agincourt—who broke the power of France, humbled the pride of Spain, and grasped the mastery and commerce of the sea. Grave responsibility is therefore ours.

How does all this affect the tremendous inter-racial problem that, sooner or later, will have to be faced in South Africa?—a problem by the side of which the racialism between English and Dutch is a mere flea-bite. I will tell you. The Anglo-Saxon goes abroad to settle in countries where there are races of every shade of colour, class, degree. What happens? He is apt to forget a little of his ancient chivalry. An inexorable natural law immediately operates. In opening up settlements white women are at first in the way. The civilisation of the European causes him to say: "We cannot expose our women to hardships. We will open up the country and then they can come to us." What is the result? The result is that before very long there are half-castes and quadroons and octoroons in the new country—there are also black men who imitate the vices as well as the virtues of the whites. And there you have staring you in the face the gravest problem of the Empire to-day—the problem that is as a gaunt spectre behind all the labour troubles in South Africa of which you are reading in your daily papers.

Look at figures: The coloured races are increasing all over the sub-continent far more rapidly than the whites. Taking the census returns, if the increase goes on at the rate it has done during the last ten years there will be in South Africa (the four Provinces of the Union only) in fifty years twelve millions of blacks and but three millions of whites. Where formerly inter-tribal warfare limited the expansion of the blacks, we have now no such check. And the blacks are, slowly but surely, getting more civilised every year. They are thus brought more into social relations with the whites—subservient social relations to-day but very dangerous for the future. And so I come to my point. The blacks cannot be segregated. It is too late. It would mean, as General Smuts has said, practically a war of extermination against the blacks. Very well. It follows that socially the two races must be kept apart, whatever may happen in the future as regards civil and political rights. And there is only one definite and undoubted way in which this policy can be begun. The custom of having black men—called "boys"—in almost every South African house, as servants, must be done away with. Whites must be given a chance. White servant-girls must, somehow or other, be obtained as in Canada. For black servants lead to black immorality, and black immorality means a certain amount of white immorality, and all free-and-easy social relations tend towards free-and-easy political relations in the long run. I express no opinion whatever regarding the latter, except that they are certainly impracticable for long years, perhaps for centuries. As one with a deep knowledge of South Africa, I often wonder whether the English people grasp the fact that Kafir servants are largely treated like automatons by many South African house-keepers, when they are men with like passions to us. They go freely all over the house, see their mistresses in dishabille,

Lady (who has just become engaged to child's father): "How would you like me for your Mamma, Ethel?"
Ethel: "Oh, I would like it, but I think you ought to ask Father first."

nurse and bathe the children, take morning coffee into their mistresses' bedrooms, get ready their mistresses' baths, and so on. South Africa will never be a white man's country until, as a start, all this is done away with. It is, if not the whole root of the matter, at any rate, an important part of the root.

All of which is not a very "lively" leader. Still, "lively" means life, doesn't it?

Jonathan Grub Strete.

"Record in Whales. Indiscriminate Slaughter," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. What! More pheasants!

* * *

The only advertisement in the *Suffragette* concerning males is one for men's boots. And even these are trodden under foot.

* * *

The *Daily Chronicle* announces: "Suffragettes want to see the King." Well, what of it? Haven't we still got that good old proverb: "A Cat may Look at a King"?

* * *

An advertisement reads:—"This woman was nearly bald—now her hair falls to the floor." Those cruel barbers.. They might have spared her the last few locks.

* * *

An American tailoring journal claims to have invented a new fashion of "Slashed trousers for males." But we had these years ago at Eton.

SUICIDAL TENDENCY.

"You say there's a tendency to suicide in the family?"
"Yes, his grandfather drank himself to death!"

MORE OR LESS.

Do You Vibrate?

A couple were recently married in New York, w "soul vibrations" were in perfect harmony. They married at eleven o'clock, the hour at which—accord to the "New Thought"—such "soul vibrations" are their highest. It may astonish the simple few who not believe in eugenics to learn that an essential matrimony should be a "soul vibration." One wonders Adam got along without one, by the way, and all the people who have taken each other for better or since. Perhaps their souls vibrated all right with their knowing it. Anyway, now that we do know I s pose the proper thing in the future for a man to when he is introduced to a girl, will be—not "Do Tango?" but "Do you vibrate?"

* * *

Brussels Sprouts.

It really is not a bad idea this latest commercial en prise from Belgium. For a consideration the agents of "See You Home Co., Ltd.," will undertake to land most belated reveller, who is unable to do so unassist undamaged upon his own front door-step. The char are certainly modest; for instance, you can be "ma marily" conveyed home for eightpence, while an additio twopence ensures you "careful" handling. The ex height—or rather depth—of a wheelbarrow will cost eighteen pence, with a sack for covering thrown in. The prospectus doesn't state w damages are assured to the agents of the "See You Home Co., Ltd.," in the event of th encountering the revellers' wives. Wives unsympathetic beings where their husbands early matutinal absences are concerned. woman who can forgive a man for enjoying himself without her has yet to be born. as to forgiving him for enjoying himself with another woman—yes—I said a pound Brussels Sprouts, please.

* * *

"Time, Please."

Quite a novel breach of promise case is to inaugurated by the lady who is suing married man for waste of time, not to mention waste of affection. Most women will agree however, that to them love is a matter of time They have different ways of measuring that's all. Balzac's little Maria, for instance wrote to him: "Love me a year and I will love you all my life." The famous Ninon wrote to the Marechal d'Estrees: "I think I shall love you for three months—an eternity for me." It would be very convenient for men if every time we feel in love we fixed the time-limit to our affection. They would then know for just how long to lease their hearts. And it would save them the trouble of so often breaking a love-agreement. But there, I suspect if we did arrange a time-limit like the speedometer on a motor-car, we should forget all about it when it suited us, and forge "give speed ahead." A fixture to any woman is a stile to be jumped, a toy to be broken, a road to be crossed.

Louise Heilgers.

"Mines in Turkish Waters" reads a newspaper headline. Are they gold or explosive? Perhaps some bright spark on the Stock Exchange will for a Company.

* * *

The Dean of St. Paul's, whose mind seems to be getting more and more un'Inged with gloom, has attacked journalists for corrupting the English language. If he is not more careful some of them will be reporting one of his speeches verbatim.

* * *

Did the winkles wink when the Counsel for Maldon argued that they were "wild animals"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Nobody can accuse our halfpenny dailies of being unenterprising and behind the times. Take the *Mirror*, for example. In the same issue as a cabled account of the Jagersfontein Basuto riot, appeared a picture of two "typical Basutos in national costumes." This essence of topicality is not soured at all by the fact that the alleged Basutos were evidently North American negroes, and their "national costumes," two ordinary horse-cloths or blankets, the headgear being a soft felt hat and an ordinary cap respectively—all of which are as typically British as Basuto. The *Daily Sketch* also had to chip in at the Basuto business, its star effort being labelled "a native miner's curious head-gear," being a picture of a Kafir rickshaw puller (of Durban, probably) wearing a pair of cow's horns affixed to his head in the fashion characteristic of this particular calling—and no more likely to be worn by a "native miner" than is a coachman's tall hat regularly worn by pitmen of this country.

* * *

Who was the titled lady of Grosvenor Square, who lay in bed with an umbrella up while the painters whitewashed the ceiling?

* * *

A very well known baronet may find his name mentioned in the course of the "Army Canteen Scandal" trial. But where is he?

* * *

What well known barrister has just managed to save his son the indignity of appearing before the Bench "to show cause . . . etc. . . ." And how did he do it?

* * *

Did the management realize the social status of a certain young gentleman who, in company with a fascinating little lady, visited the "Cupid" Cinema in Leicester Square the other afternoon? And now that he finds this ingenious method of "French leave" so easy, is he not very likely to do it again?

* * *

How much longer are the three-card sharpers to be allowed to travel between Victoria and Brighton, without being arrested? And was not a young and apparently innocent naval officer rather a severe shock to them the other morning?

* * *

Is it not about time that the tax levied by some of the policemen on ladies in Piccadilly and the neighbourhood was brought to the notice of headquarters?

* * *

We understand that it has been officially denied that Mrs. Harris, caretaker at Southill Council School, will spend her Easter in Paris, owing to the magnificent increase in her monthly salary from £1 11s. 3d. to £1 11s. 8d.

Who is the lady who has had to be carefully looked after recently, owing to the development of an unexpected and rather embarrassing penchant for pawning her clothes? And isn't it rather hard on the various avuncular relatives who have been confronted with an excited female desirous of converting their shops into temporary dressing-rooms?

* * *

Which West End restaurant has to bemoan the temporary loss of over thirty employees after sampling the soup, and why have no accounts of the affair appeared in the papers?

* * *

To whom do the Bond Street dealers in antiques refer when they speak of "The Scotchman"? Isn't the Scotchman the nickname given to a titled lady who is harder at driving a bargain than any business man? And isn't this comparison of closefistedness unfair to Scotchmen?

* * *

Why did the Crown Prince of Germany weep when he told his troops, "I bury my youth"? Does he really consider himself a man at last, and is he now going to drop those featherbrained tricks of a neurotic rabbit?

* * *

Does the lock of hair that the Gaiety actress is displaying really come from the head of the celebrated R.A.?

* * *

Blackmailers are swarming over Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common, as the married stockbroker has just discovered.

* * *

Some of the undergraduates of London University make fools of themselves with frequency and regularity at a night-club on Leicester Square? Wouldn't they be well advised to recognise those nice girls for what they are—decoys, and to examine the patterns at the backs of the cards they play with?

* * *

"Is it true that one so young and beautiful as you is indeed a widow?"
"Only a grass widow, Mr. Noodle!"
"Oh! Beautiful thought. My soul goes out to you. I am a vegetarian!"

What eventually happened to the canny Scotsman, who boarded a Waterloo omnibus at the Strand the other night, and requested to be taken to Victoria, and who, on being informed that the motor-'bus went to Waterloo, insisted, despite the tearful protests of his wife, on travelling to Victoria via Waterloo and Clapham Junction, rather than lose the ride for which he had paid?

* * *

Were the theft and return of valuable silver and heirlooms from a country house recently merely a practical joke, or was it a dress rehearsal?

* * *

We had understood that Lord Northcliffe's absence from duty was caused by eye trouble, but rumour now has it that it is due to stomachic troubles, brought about by eating too much toffee. Chuckles.

THE DOOR.

The Bride slowly drew the pins from her great tulle hat—stormy eyes meeting their reflection in the mirror with intentness. Could all this be true or would she presently awake to find it just an ugly dream—a nightmare—the memory of which would pass? Pray Heaven send the waking soon! But, no, the grey eyes were widely open, they gazed back in dumb misery. Here was bitter reality, and here, *very* real, was the big florid man, kneeling beside the travelling case to grapple with its straps. The girl glanced sideways from under the black lashes as the man, pushing his hat to the back of his head, rested awhile. Truly, he was rather a nice big man to belong to, but ah! the man in *her* room should have had a sleek dark head, the hands to unstrap *her* box should have been thin and brown — indeed, instead of undoing boxes at all, he should have been beside her—his arms around, his grave eyes adoring her mere reflection—his lips!—that other lover of three months ago, who had passed from her life because his heart was wrong, "the valves were somehow wrong," he'd whispered in explanation as she clung to him in an agony of farewell. "Just wrong enough to make marriage impossible. She must help him to be brave, she must understand and forgive his selfish love-making—and so—good-bye!" God! It seemed three *years* ago!

The vision in the looking-glass was blurred, swaying. She clutched the dressing table for support. *There* was the dream! The unreal vision. *Here* was the reality—the intimacy of a bedroom in a strange hotel and the man behind, almost a stranger.

"That's it." The new husband got up slowly. How huge he was! To the nervous girl at the mirror he seemed a giant, an ogre to devour any slip of a bride of 22! And she—at his mercy!—her trembling fingers could hardly guide the hatpins into the pincushion. The man drew nearer. Now he looked over her shoulder—shrinking, she felt his breath upon her neck, and then two keen eyes met those hopeless grey ones in the glass—"Lord, Cara, what's up? Is it a funeral?" But the grey eyes were closing, and swaying again backwards she slipped to faint against the tweed coat behind.

"It's all right, little girl," said a voice a few minutes later; a voice that penetrated returning consciousness, "don't be frightened, see, drink this, tip it down every drop, you've *got to*." And when the strong spirit had done its work, the bridegroom rose from his knees beside her sofa. "See, now, Cara—don't 'ee be frightened, I'll clear into my dressing-room; you'll soon be fit and able to make yourself smart for dinner. And look here, old girl"—his voice sunk to a whisper—"I'll not come again till you want me. Now, I'm off." The hand that stroked her bent head was heavy, but surely the rugged face was kind. Now she was *alone*! Thank God in His goodness. *Alone*! But there was the door into his dressing-room! Only a door between! Softly she slipped across the floor and turned the key.

* * *

With restless fingers twisting and untwisting the new pearl rope, she looked across the table at her husband; steadily he had eaten through every course so far, as steadily as her own plates had gone away, untouched. How could he eat? Why didn't the food choke him as it did her? "Pearls and fine food." It was just as the shabby sisters at home had said. "You'll have ripping food and clothes and pearls, Cara, don't be a fool; what *does* the *man* matter?" Well, they had been nearly right. Here were the pearls, the clothes, the food, only, unfortunately, the man *did* matter, they had overlooked his personality. "You eat nothing, my wife. Don't tell me I've married a hunger-striker."

"It's all so strange, I'm dazed," she hesitated—"and the journey was a fag."

The crowd of well-dressed people around were cosmopolitan; how they chattered, vivacity on every side, deftly the noiseless waiters hurried to and fro! What fun it all might have been, but for the haunting memory of that upper room. Involuntarily she caught the happy atmosphere and smiled at the man opposite. He leant across. "Dear, you're fagged out, go upstairs now, I'll come presently and believe me I'm not the ogre you think. You'll get used to me in time—only I'm going to give you *time*, I'll never come till you want me." Again the same blessed words. Cara's smile grew radiant. "You're good," she said, "and I'm a little fool, only you're a bigger to have married me. I'll want all the time you'll give me, John."

He really was a decent sort!

Mounting the stairs alone to her room her thoughts grateful and so absorbing that the realisation of approaching footsteps only came when the passer-by was opposite. A little hesitation—a drawing on one side of silken skirt—then eyes upraised, she saw—*the other man*! Ah! there was no mistake—that neat dark head, the eyes, deep, the alert slight figure half bent towards her, how could *not* know its very poise? This Irish lover of her dreams whom every fibre of her mind and soul and body was ing. Two hands outflung!—a girl's face trust upturned for a lover's kiss and a whisper—"Tim, come, I knew you would come in time."

The man held the clinging hands for the fraction minute and cast a furtive glance over his shoulder. voice was hoarse in its subdued tones. "*You*, Cari and *here*, and for what am I in time?" But although red lips so near his own were disregarded, her entre eyes could not see the lack of response they met, joyous little laugh she gave was of pure content. For —the new husband in the dining-room below, forgot the fetters of pearl rope and golden ring! Her fairy was here, of what account were ogres and nightmares "You've come to take me away from him, Tim?" answer to the man's stammered "Who?" "Why, my band; I was married this morning."

Tim began to speak very softly and hurriedly, "Now don't be a goose, how can I take you from a husband? Heaven's sake, grow up, you *child*."

Again that furtive glance behind—who was he for? And then with an uneasy laugh he told her, coincidence, but I also was married to-day."

And Cara's eyes were startled wide—the flush mounted from throat to dusky hair was swift.

"You *married*, Tim—but the heart? the disease?" He stood silent, white-faced. "Well, Cara—she has money, and I have none and *you* had

"I see," said Cara in a slow, distinct voice. "I understand—what's wrong with your heart now, and I I think I'm grown up." Her eyes were blind with and hurt pride, but her heart was beating madly. kiss, Carissima, it's rough on us both, but give me last a lifetime." The old tones of passionate pleading haunting voice, in itself a caress, but thank God her were open to its true interpretation at last! Was no truth, no sincerity *anywhere*? No one to trust? there was *John*; she wanted some one to love her she "wanted John!" And there he came, in answer thought, across the landing above, crossing from the "Wait for me John," she called, and passing up the with cheeks aflame and shining head erect, she left other man" behind.

* * *

The bridegroom turned into his dressing-room, switching on the light, stood motionless listening. cigar held tightly between his strong white teeth went forgotten as he waited—waited with eyes fixed on connecting door. A faint "click" broke the silence, had been turned.

His knock upon the door was instantaneous—almost sounded triumphant. "You called me just now, what you want, dear?" With every nerve alert he listened the low-toned answer.

"I think—I rather wanted—you—John. I —" John had opened the door.

HETTY WEST

DANGEROUS.

"I am just wondering whether it would be safe to propose to that girl I have been going with."

"I don't think it would."

"What makes you think she would turn me down?"

"I don't. I think she would snap you up."

* * *

THE NON-STOP 'BUS.

Passenger: Oh, I say, conductor, an old gentleman has just fallen off the 'bus.

Conductor: That's all right; he's paid his fare.

* * *

Bill: He asked "Liz" to marry him before he had known her ten minutes.

Nell: Naturally! No man would who had known her twenty.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

oman: Why don't you get a job and go to work for ebody?
ramp: I prefer being in business for meself!

* * *

olitical Orator: Fellow citizens, we are here to-night use this is a free country.
oice: And a free show!

* * *

ileen: Charley has money enough to get married.
arion: But has he money enough to stay so?

* * *

iss Sweetleigh: Do you love me more than you ever d any one else?
r. Huggamore: M-m-m! Sure!
iss Sweetleigh: But how do you know unless you've loving lots of other girls?

* * *

You have the greatest respect for the Ten Command-ts."
Yes," replied the man who drives his own motor car. ey are brief, comprehensive and easily understood. ish Moses could have tried his hand at drawing up a of traffic regulations."

* * *

r. Growler: Do you expect me to pay for a doctor a trained nurse for that bull pup after you've let me ost die from neglect when I was sick?
rs. Growler: But poor little Fifi hasn't any insurance her life and your life is heavily insured.

* * *

iffer: The biggest favour you can do a friend is to e him rely entirely on his own efforts!
skit: Well, consider me as an enemy and injure me he extent of a £5 loan.

Wife: "It is something terrible the way I am losing my hair."
Husband: "So much the better. There will be fewer of them in the soup."—*Fidele Blaetter.*

ONE ADVANTAGE, ANYWAY.

"Boy, d' you know that Hell is full of cigarette smokers?"
"Orter be a bonzer place fer cigarette cards, then, Mister."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

CRITICISM.

She: How do you like my singing?
He: Well, I've heard Tetrazzini and Mary Garden, but you're better still.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

* * *

"Is your client going to plead insanity?"
"I haven't decided," replied the lawyer. "He wants to look the ground over and see which is the easiest to escape from, the prison or the asylum."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

ARTISTRY.

Clubber: Mr. and Mrs. Del Reno are in the lower box over there. Have they made up again?
Rubber (using his glasses): She has, at any rate.—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * *

COMING TO THIS?

"Judge," said the forewoman of the jury of ladies, "we want to speak to you about that sealed verdict we just rendered."
"Well, ladies?"
"Can we unseal it and add a postscript?"—*Washington Herald.*

* * *

FOOLISH QUERY.

Kitty: Jack said last night he'd kiss me or die in the attempt.
May: Good gracious! And did he kiss you?
Kitty: Well, you haven't heard of his death, have you?—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

THE PART THAT FLIES.

"Pa, what's a theatrical angel?"
"A man whose money has wings, my son."—*Judge.*

* * *

MIXED.

"How do you like my biscuits, hubby? I got the recipe out of a paper."
"Well, my dear, I found a button in one and a feather in another. Maybe you got the cooking recipe mixed with the fashion hints."—*Louisville Courier—Journal.*

* * *

TOO EXACTING.

Customer: "That coat I bought of you yesterday is full of moths."
Dealer: "Well, what do you expect for fifty cents—butterflies?"—*Top Notch.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

A well-known London actor-manager was seeing a musical play in New York, in company with the proprietor of the show, when the conversation turned upon the salaries paid to chorus ladies in this effete old country, with the usual comparisons to the credit of the more enlightened country. "See that girl there," said the American, indicating a gorgeous presence on the stage. "Well, I pay her £21 a week in your money. And she has only one line to speak." "Is that so?" queried the Englishman. "And what is that line, may I ask?" "She merely has to say, 'Hip hooray,' in the third act," was the response. "I see," said the Londoner, thoughtfully regarding the fair show-lady, "You pay her £20 for the hips, and £1 for the hoorays!"

* * *

Sir Rufus Isaacs's choice of a title has not passed without comment. One of the critics remarks that the L.C.J. would Suttonly never have been Lord Reading, if he hadn't happened to be Erlegh in the field, while another considers that Sir Rufus's selection fairly takes the biscuit. The new Lord Reading is, of course, in the black books of both.

* * *

Is the almost infallible "Londoner" of the *Evening News* correct in stating that "Billiter Lane" gets its name from the bellyeters, the bell-founders, who had their furnaces there? A very old authority (not Stow) says Billiter Lane is a corruption of "Belzetter's Lane," from the first builder or owner.

* * *

The War Minister has been much criticised, but he has managed to do more for army officers than any of his predecessors. He has given them an increase in pay, and the new rates came into operation with the New Year. The increase is not much, but officers will be grateful to Colonel Seely for giving them what previous War Ministers have only promised.

* * *

Will Lord Dangan bring back an American heiress, when his engagement with the "Girl on the Film" is concluded? So much froth and sparkle is ascribed to him by the American papers that he should surely dazzle some one.

* * *

MOTHS.

Who are the people attending the Opera and some of the West End theatres, who prefer to hire the old growlers which wait outside in lines, rather than taxi-cabs? They are evidently not "afraid to go home in the dark."

* * *

A Christmas volume of the *Boy's Own Paper* for 1904 includes an illustration by Mr. Donnison of a peep into the future, in which he sees the then incredible and humorous picture of the public schoolboy of 1914, in flashy attire and smoking a cigarette, driving up to school in his own motor. Well?

* * *

There always seems to be somebody chasing after Paderewski, threatening him and frightening his life out of him. This time it is Nihilists, and they have caused him to flee from Denver. What do you think they want of you, Paddy? A lock of your hair? By the way, ought to raise the salary of your brilliant press age

* * *

Has Lord Lansdowne's action, in transferring his tish estates to his sons, been influenced by a natural to evade death duties at some distant date? And if of our rich men follow his example, who is expec pay for all the Dreadnoughts these same rich peop demanding?

* * *

An Australian who recently fell a victim to the dence trick complains that he now has to *deliver* This seems to be a novel cause for complaint. It is the people who *receive* the bills who consider they hav right to grumble.

* * *

"All men are liars." We have a Biblical record fact. "The reason why women are not included in frank statement," writes our critic, "is because it necessary."

* * *

The City is always telling us how money is made. shareholders want to know is how it is lost.

* * *

Would not the Di trial have been improved there had been a rehearsal (2) G. B. Shaw had *not* advantage of the opport to advertise himself?

* *

What physician is know Harley Street as "the doctor"?

* * *

A daily paper has just six months' salary in lie notice to thirty-one employees. With these the *London Budget's* late Fleet Street *will* be crow

* * *

Feminine frankness. old are you?" asked magistrate of a woman Tower Bridge Police "Thirty-eight and I've a young woman all my was the reply.

* * *

"Laugh and the laughs with you." excepting, of course, victim of the joke.

* * *

The sudden rush to specialists is not, we are formed on good auth due to jealousy on the of the County Councillor the glaring *Daily Mirror* line, "Sir George Alex handsomer than ever!"

* *

The excuse that your tail caught in the door taxi-cab," though a distin novel way of explaining very cold weather. All the taxi-cabs we have come possess two doors, and you can easily have your sent home after the police have hacked the cab to pi

* * *

Who was it suggested that "*Chestnuts* and Wine" be a more appropriate title for the Empire revue?

* * *

How large the lady felt in the Maison Karl, the evening, when, during a sudden and unexpected the orchestra, she announced in tones to be heard all the room, "I can't touch it. I've got an awfully liver!"?

* * *

The best workman gets the work. The best talker gets the best workman's salary.

o love you, my Orange Girl," seems to have appeared
unfortunate moment, so far as the orange girls of
Lane are concerned. Possibly it may become more
later on, for we hear that orange, saxe-blue, and
rie are to be the fashionable colours in hair-dye for
es. And now we know what a certain young lady from
er the herring pond meant when she said the other day,
Wal, when I saw Hucks loop the loop, guess it turned
y hair pink!"

* * *

This is the age of scientific discoveries. Someone has
tually discovered that searching for a leak in a gas pipe
will, if due care be taken, cause an ex-

* * *

Street's appointment as Reader of Plays with Mr.
all is good news. From what we know of him, he
a narrow street.

* * *

east worn, soonest mended," as Gaby said to the
ishop.

* * *

What is the truth about the little incident in the West
nd, which occurred on Monday evening, when a sober-
inded and highly-respectable citizen was suddenly seized
round the neck and embraced fervently by a strange lady,
who
great gusto, "You made me love you,"
but kindly removed by sympathetic passers-
Whether the s.m. and h.r. citizen's vocabulary really
e admiration of the crowd? And was the lady
up Christmas, or was it the outcome of a

* * *

on with Mr. Frank Allen for a tour on
'furrin parts," at a princely salary, Mr.
Lauder, we understand, had a tremendous "fling"
the occasion. It is said—but we cannot *vouch*
truth of the statement—that he actually dashed
twopence at a picture-palace.

Waiter. Yessir, we are very hup-to-date, Sir. Everything is cooked by electricity ere.
Diner (who does not quite like the "hup-to-date" method): "Is that so? Then you might give this steak another shock, will you?"

The *Pelican* says that Paris has gone *bald-headed* for the eccentric, wearing flesh-coloured stockings with designs that look as if they had been tattooed on. Would not *bare-legged* be a more suitable term?

* * *

Miss Jean Aylwin has started a new fashion by christening her new Aberdeen terrier "Stymie." It is now *the* thing to call your dog by a golfing term. Some people we know will have to keep a pack, and will never be able to call them out loud in public places.

* * *

A man or woman can make a merry little hell all on their own, but it takes two to make any sort of a heaven.

* * *

To judge from receipts, Mr. Cyril Maude's play, "Grumpy," in America, ought not to make him so.

* * *

Who is running "After the Girl" at the Gaiety? Haven't they been doing it for some considerable time now? And is not the malicious person who suggested that a more appropriate title for a Gaiety piece would be "After the Peers," someone who cannot get hold of a "title" at all?

* * *

The suffragettes are now creating disturbances in restaurants. They uttered wild war-whoops and flung pamphlets about the other morning at luncheon. They really will be in the soup soon.

* * *

It is love that makes the world go round—the danger comes when it gets giddy.

* * *

A school-girl from Glasgow writes to a contemporary, asking that they should devote a column a week solving little grammatical troubles. "If they do, she states, "a great army of girls and boys would rise up and call you blessed." We should think so. Blessed what?

* * *

Apropos of reminiscences, we cannot help thinking, when we read of the chucklings of some aged person for probably half a century over some little witticisms dropped at a dinner party, how horribly boring the rest of the conversation at those much written about little gatherings must have been.

old fellow. Feeling very fit and putting on
having my bath this morning, I weighed
ine."
erwards?'

TABLOID TOPICS.

The undertaker is bound to overtake us all sooner or later.

* * *

It is reported that Nattier fashions are coming into vogue. Well, better nattier than nuttier.

A baker rescued a drowning girl from the canal at South Wigston, with a wooden loaf drawer. Verily a staff of life.

* * *

In Paris the correct thing in charms is a jewelled snail. For the fast Parisienne the trifle appears to be somewhat inappropriate.

* * *

"Children Half Price." is the heading of a letter to a contemporary. And yet it is asserted that the birth-rate is on the decline.

* *

A slit skirt side pocket for women is threatened. It looks the newest thing in trousers, and is likely to develop a few breaches of promise.

* * *

"Barmaid, young lady, 12s. to 14s. weekly. Apply to King William IV." (Advt.) Now that *is* good news. We always thought there were no bars there.

* * *

Aged 100, Miss Jane Bird, who had only once seen a train and had never travelled in one, has died at Little Laver, Essex. Not a migratory bird evidently.

* * *

We have been bored to death for months with the rights of Orangemen, and now the papers are making much of orange women's rights. It is enough to give any one the pip.

* * *

"The Christian Orchestra" is a heading in a contemporary. There is something too much of the drum ecclesiastic in its composition, and the lute has a rift in it, which is very apparent just now.

* *

The manager of a West End Turkish bath says that the establishment of night clubs has not increased the number of his customers. Apparently he regards these nocturnal caravanserai as incentives to unclean living.

* * *

The Futurist Art is as difficult a problem as our Naval and Military position. A well-known peeress, by the way, has been captivated by the sculpt section of the cult. As a rule, ladies give attention to the painting side of art.

* * *

Everything appears to be splitting. What with political splits, religious splits, football splits, yachting splits, and South African splits, to take a few instances, we shall soon want a National Repairing Shop. Chance for unemployed rent-gatherers.

* * *

Mentors, Ltd., a tobacco concern, has smashed, with liabilities at £5,079, and assets realising half the odd figures of that amount. The creditors will not regard these Mentors as "wise and faithful counsellors." The business began and ended in smoke.

* *

A man who knows what the real Argentine Tango is, says that prior to the business proper (or improper, if you like, Dames de Société) "the gaucho tucks up his 'chiripa' and flings back his 'poncho.'" Then it is to be supposed that he chucks himself about.

* * *

Mr. Henry Ford, the American millionaire motor-car maker, intends to die poor, but he has no use for libraries à la Carnegie. "Talented men use libraries," he says. "They can help themselves." We have noticed that ourselves. Our library is considerably poorer than it would be if our acquaintance did not comprise so many men of talent. * * *

Free extraction of teeth is offered by a Nottingham dentist to any of the strikers and their wives and children concerned in the local hosiery trade dispute. Consoling thought. If they cannot draw their wages, they can at least have their offending molars plucked, and if they have nothing to eat, they can make sure that they have nothing to eat it with.

Are musical comedies to be accurately ca- Caught Exhibitions?

* * *

"I'll be shot if I do," is the most comm expression in Zabern just now.

"Wanted, young man, used to vice," reads a advertisement. And we always thought it a re paper!

* * *

"Shop-lifting Sisters"—news par. headline. pose that taking the veil is a necessary pre joining this sisterhood.

* * *

A girl is alleged to have been done to death by Still, the death-rate among politicians and labou is not markedly high.

* * *

At the annual assembly of Science Teachers MacLean discoursed on "The formation of fa doctrine of opposites, presumably.

* *

It is apparently the Lambeth Guardians' separate mother and child in the workhouse. little of the milk of human kindness in the regul

* * *

It is stated that, owing to the Burton-on- torium funds being insufficient to continue trea number of patients are "back at work." What hard luck for them!

A girl wants to know how and when to use and "wills" and "shoulds" and "woulds." possess her soul in patience. Her husband will find that she needs no tuition.

* * *

Mr. D. A. Thomas, the Welsh Coal King, ha in fancy dress as John Hampden and Napoleon One naturally thinks that he should have gone King Cole, but both of his choices were pretty

* * *

A man known as the "Rabbit King," has been to nine months' imprisonment for fraud. comes out he will welcome a bit of fresh hare to be hoped that he will buck up, and earn his honest means.

* * *

A retired railway employée of New York has a legacy of £8,000 from the wife he divorced tw years ago. Many a married man we know woul far as to *live* with his wife for a quarter of a cen half that amount.

* *

A Society reporter on a Toulouse paper has be of usurping Mr. Bernard Shaw's sole prerogati had the "neck" to go about collarless and wearing shoes. He soon found that this was a sure way his job, for he has got the order of the boot.

* * *

A contemporary has conceived the curious getting the opinions of "the" profession as to piece of individual acting during the year just But is there not the political stage? Why the interrogation thus far? There are statesmen of farce-acting if not far-seeing force.

* * *

Ernest Long, a Portland gaoler, is muleted in £50 for trifling with the affections of Miss May after having added to his offence by burgling into

A warder bold loved darling May,
And breathed the oft-told tale in song.
He breached, and hence has got to pay,
Unlike his love, his name was Long.

* * *

Dr. Dwight Hillis, an American eugenic describes Frenchwomen as "animated bifurcate pencils, unable to produce more than two child very sharp "lead pencil" of our acquaintance. country-women have made a black mark ag doctor's name, and some of them will be Koh rub him out if he gives any specimens of his better breeding.

THE KNOT IN THE HANDKERCHIEF: A Domestic Tragedy.

It takes two to make a bargain and a third person to find out that it wasn't so much of a bargain after all.

* * *

Probably some men hesitate about paying their debts because they fear their creditors may have heart failure.

A woman who acquires the habit of talking to herself gets the most compliments.

* * *

Blessed is the peacemaker, in the estimation of the chap who is getting the short end of it.

IN STAGELAND.

In a long article, notable for its capable verbosity rather than its generosity, "Mordred," of *The Referee*, sees fit to attack the ideals of Mr. Granville Barker, as applied to his scheme for a London Repertory Theatre. Now there are several actor-managers of experience who would carry with them the confidence and best wishes of the public, but beyond question Mr. Barker is the artist, par excellence, for the task and it is to be keenly regretted that, as a powerful public influence, *The Referee* should give prominence to the private views of its clever critic, rather than to its own better-considered editorial convictions.

* * *

One may read into the article that Mordred is not quite capable of appreciating, to the fullest possible extent, the magnificent restraint of intellectual artistry, common to Granville Barker's Shakespearian and repertory achievement. On the other hand he sees in the splendid crudity of Sir Herbert Tree's production the highest form of Shakespearian art. Although Sir Herbert's methods are unquestionably less subtly artistic than Granville Barker's, his appeal obtains vaster public support solely on account of a more direct appeal to one's imagination by virtue of sheer profusion of spectacular magnificence. He obviously aspires not at all to that studious art production of which Granville Barker is the sole successful exponent. Sir Herbert's are the solid familiar British methods of simple beauty and realism. Mr. Barker has successfully made it his study to apply that spirit of picturesque mystery, which is Doré's in art and Maeterlinck's in literature, to stage effects and uses.

* * *

These are two very divergent ideals; one old and familiar, the other new and equally acceptable; both occupying without challenge undisputed priority in separate creeds of art.

* * *

Finally may I, with all due reserve, suggest that if "Mordred" *must* indulge in errors of good taste similar to his reference to Mr. Barker's alleged "inelegance of language," he himself should refrain from the use of such hideous literary solecisms as "Shakesperience"?

* * *

By the time this number is in your hands, "The Darling of the Gods" will have startled habitués of His Majesty's with its fanatical sentiment which, as staged about ten years ago, was so accurate a reflex of the Oriental love affair. The Cupid of the Mongolian and Aryan is ever shadowed by the Death's Head, as quite a number of West End productions have shown us the last few years. "Mr. Wu" and "Typhoon" are still contemporary. For myself, I shall await with great interest the Japanese heroine's dictum that "It is better to little than be unhappy much!" when she has swo her father that no man is sheltered in her apart In any event, the success of the production is pre-as absolutely, as Sir Herbert Tree, Miss Marie Lohr Mr. Geo. Relph, are sustaining the principal rôles.

* * *

"Peter Pan" is in brighter, happier mood this than ever before. I have seen "Peter" seven time a period of years and the seventh impression is strongest and most favourable. If one calls this wo classic, most classics are honoured. I recently had pleasure of telling Sir James Barrie that his produc affords the most signally emphatic impression of ge refinement to be found in London. It commences the lines—the play's the thing here—and proceeds thr the sprite-like grace of Miss Pauline Chase and elocution of Mr. Godfrey Tearle to the crowning trium of Miss Mary Glynne's polished "Wendy"—a stu I hope leaves sufficiently ineradicable impressions fertile minds of the feminine (and masculine as well that matter) youth of the period to enable them to more unalterably British in sentiment and taste for mere witnessing of it. That is Barrie patriotism. interpreted by a splendid living type—a patriotism goes deeper far than the crude flag-wagging jingoism endeavours to mar the natural beauties of "Where Rainbow Ends," or even the military service that of us are privileged to render.

* * *

Visit "Peter" at the Duke of York's this season w you can and when you can (for every house fills capacity) and give him a chance to impress you wit abstract truths. If you can come away without belie in Sir James Barrie's fairies as explained by Paul Chase and Mary Glynne, whether rich or poor yo missing the best of life at any age.

* * *

The most astonishing instance of a revue impro out of all recognition, may be found in Mr. Eus Gray's "I do like your eyes!" at the Palladium. show is dressed by Lucile, features two tastefully pi sets (a boating club lawn and a white and gold interi and the "business" and lines are wittier than one a right to expect from a new author. I have never kn Miss Nan Stuart more sweetly attractive, nor have heard Mr. Arthur Royd's light tenor voice to great advantage. The Two Hollanders, Jackson's Sixteen Eng lish Dancers, and Sam and Will Poluski, are features the revue, which should serve the Palladium well i February.

W. B.

SOME IMPRESSIONS AT THE PALLADIUM.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 37.

The Story of Diane de Poictiers and King Henry II.

The only French Monarch who was ever constant to one woman.

In the study of the love affairs of monarchs, it is pleasant to be able to recall that France can boast one monarch who was constant throughout his life to the woman he loved. The gallant Henry II. and the beautiful Diane de Poictiers have ever been a source of fascination to successive generations of Frenchmen, the more so as the pair were amongst the most ill-matched lovers who ever met. It was the Peace of Cambrai that brought them together. Henry was one of the two sons of that King of France who had been imprisoned in Spain at the instance of the Emperor Charles V., who detained them as hostages for their father's good behaviour. The Peace of Cambrai brought them back to France, and when King Francis I. went in state to meet his boys at Bayonne, Diane de Poictiers was amongst the courtly crowd who followed in the wake of the King.

Henry, the younger son, was not, perhaps, a handsome lad. He was fifteen years old, but a true gallant, a first-rate horseman, remarkably well knit, and very muscular. He was his father's pride. Diane de Poictiers was thirty-one years old, and had been married for nearly twenty years to Charles the Eighth's grandson, the Grand Seneschal of France. The Grand Seneschal was old and ugly, but he had been considered a great catch for Diane, who had married him when she was thirteen. She at once became lady-in-waiting to Louise of Savoy, Comtesse d'Angoulême, the King's mother, and ever since the Grand Seneschal, and, as such, in spite of her lustrous beauty, she remained all but unknown outside the royal circle. But when the King grasped the hands of his liberated boys at Bayonne, and turned to introduce them to the Court, Henry's eyes fell upon Diane, and from that moment to the end of his life he knew no other love. Strange to say, in spite of the disparity in their years, Henry's love was returned. The Grand Seneschal was forgotten, and soon France was absorbed by the most amazing *liaison* which it had ever witnessed.

* * *

Diane's Unusual "Beauty Secret."

The beauty of Diane de Poictiers has been the theme of a score of writers. About her charms there can be no question; but how she preserved them right into old age has perhaps been the most extraordinary "beauty secret" in the world's history. All sorts of nostrums have been suggested as the means whereby Diane preserved her various enchantments, but the fact is that she imposed upon herself what then was considered a mad regimen. As a child she was taught to swim and ride and shoot; at ten she was foremost in the chase, and every morning of her life she took a cold bath. A "bath" of any kind was in those days almost rare. Even the King himself rarely changed his shirt, and amongst the women-folk bathing was all but unknown. But Diane de Poictiers, as in most other things, was a remarkable woman; and it was undoubtedly due to this drastic recipe that she preserved her brilliant complexion and survived to old age without a wrinkle, with her eyes and hair as brilliant as in the zenith of her youth.

Romantic as is the love-story of King Henry II. and Diane de Poictiers, it soon came very near to a violent termination. The Constable of France, Charles de Bourbon, had secured the assistance of King Henry VIII. of England and the Emperor Charles V. of Germany to a scheme which had for its object the deposition or murder of King Francis I., in order that the Constable might himself assume the Crown. Amongst the plotters was Diane's father. But on the plot being given away by one of the conspirators, Diane's father was hastily arrested, condemned to be executed, and placed upon the scaffold. Throw herself at the feet of the King, and just after her father's end was consummated, she was able to save his life, which, however, was destined to be passed in a prison cell, with only a tiny window through which food and drink could be passed.

The King's Mistress Taunts Diane with her age.

As the result of her love affair with Prince Henry II., Diane for a long time had a pretty miserable time of it. The King himself was completely under the thumb of the Duchesse d'Etampes. This lady, a consummate adventuress, was never tired of taunting Henry and Diane with their ages. Her favourite epithet was: "J'etais née le même jour que Madame la Sénéschale s'est mariée"! ("I was born the same day that Madame la Seneschale was married"). The vicious d'Etampes was never tired of thus castigating poor Diane, and for many years Diane was destined to suffer real torture from the lips of the King's mistress. Diane was a devout Catholic, and Madame d'Etampes had adopted the Calvinist creed. Revenge came to Diane later in life, and notwithstanding the tremendous part played by the Duchesse d'Etampes in the lifetime of her King-lover, she died unknown, and no one to-day knows where her bones rest.

* *

Henry Jousts for His Lady-love.

What was the secret of the infatuation of the King's younger son for a woman already the mother of a child older than himself? At first the royalties laughed at the boy's infatuation; they said it was the natural instinct of a child to seek arms that shielded him with maternal affection. But when one day Henry rode out brandishing his lance for the first joust of his young life, and the Court and the *entourage* saw, sewn upon his breast in letters of gold "H.D." (Henry-Diane), the Duchesse d'Etampes said it was "witchcraft." Before all his relations, before all France, Prince Henry had not only emblazoned upon his armour the initial of his lady-love, but he attired himself in black and white in honour of the glorious woman who had just been widowed by her husband, the Grand Seneschal. From that hour Diane and d'Etampes were bitter enemies, and the religious feud added fuel to the flames of their jealousy. Diane had also the animosity of the whole Royal crowd to contend with. She knew that Henry was being taunted about her every day; she knew that efforts were being made to marry him to a royal princess, and that only Henry could save her from being banished at any moment from France. But nobly Henry stood by the woman who had given all to him. The taunts of his mother, the jeers of the d'Etampes, fell like water upon a duck's back. Moreover, no other woman ever disturbed his love for Diane de Poictiers. No knight in history; no character in Bible days; no sanctimonious Scottish elder ever remained more staunch to the love of his heart than did Henry, Duke of Orleans, from his fifteenth year till he went to his grave.

* * *

A Lad's Infatuation for a Mature Widow.

Charming were the letters that passed daily between them, a few of which have come down to the present time. But no woman in history ever suffered greater insult from her enemies than did Diane. Even the Court poet, Clement Marot, was induced to vilify her in his verses, and point the finger of scorn at her false hair, false teeth and the secrets of her boudoir and make-up—lies every one of them, but none the less annoying. What was the secret of this wonderful infatuation of the gallant lad for the mature widow of France's Grand Seneschal? Was it in the multiplicity of her external charms; or was it in the purity of her mind, and the chivalrous impulses with which she inspired him? Henry was the son of a votary, a knight of chivalrous and romantic memory, and Henry may have been formed in the same mould. Anyway, the mutual attraction remained complete even after Henry's marriage. "He leant on Diane absolutely," we are told; "he made no decision in public without first consulting her, and in everything she guided him in her knowledge and wisdom of the world. She made him a lover of beauty and a king."

It must have been extremely distressing to Diane to witness the marriage of her princely gallant and Catherine de Medici. To such a woman such a marriage must have appeared an outrage, but she looked on as a member of the Court while the outrage was perpetrated, and gave no sign of the storm that must have shaken her as she stood. Sympathy was indeed lavished upon her, and one can imagine how every eye sought her face as Henry and his new wife passed out into their new life. Little did those who thus interested themselves in what

appeared to be the earthly end of Henry's amorous exploits that it was here the scene of a marriage that took place, and that the royal bridegroom would desert the nuptial couch on his marriage night for the woman he loved. Yet so it was.

* *

Diane Plays a Mother's Part by the King's Children.

For ten years, in spite of his marriage, Henry II. remained faithful to Diane de Poictiers. It must have been an awful time for Henry's wife, for a whole decade had to pass before Henry would so far break with Diane as to consider the question of the succession to his throne. Then, and only then, did he play a husband's part by Queen Catherine, and after that children came to the Royal pair thick and fast. Another decade saw Catherine the mother of ten children! The succession having long been out of danger, Henry once more returned to Diane, and the strangest thing in this extraordinary *liaison* was that to Diane fell the curious duty of rearing the children, which came in such quick succession to the Royal couple. Diane de Poictiers it was who guided their youthful lives. Their daily tasks, their education, their ablutions, their food, were all arranged by the King's charming mistress. The letters of Diane, which still exist, show how tenderly she mothered the children of Queen Catherine. She even prescribed their medicines. Some of her prescriptions remind us, it is true, of the witch's cauldron in "Macbeth." One of her specifics was compounded of the "fat of the unicorn" (Licorus, a fish) with a hair from the head of a dead man! But those were times when strange nostrums were the order of the day in matters medicinal.

* * *

A "Black Mark" Against Diane de Poictiers.

In religion it was pretty much the same. To the discredit of Diane it must be admitted that it was at her instigation that Henry took a vow to exterminate all the Huguenots, and she stood by his side as he watched the miserable Protestants writhe at the stake. One curious effect upon her time Diane left. A great lover of all things beautiful, Diane, with the immense wealth which came readily to her as the favourite of the King, became a tremendous instigator of artistic effort. Her palaces were then considered marvels of ornateness and luxury; the painters as well as the architects reaped rich harvests from the industries she promoted. Her gardens were dream places, to which the greatest artists of her day contributed. "Her beautiful palaces rose up everywhere. Amboise, supreme in the list of perched palaces; Chenonceaux, like a miniature Venice, with its lakes and ponds where swam stately swans and carp with gold collars—a love gift from Henry to his 'only Princess'; Blois, flowering, laughing, living; Chambord, immense, yet so light and graceful, with its spiral staircase and its square pavilions, and above all, Anet, lovely as a palace of dreams . . . . And everywhere the golden crescents of Diane, and the twin letters, D and H, interlaced, as a symbol for all time of the love that bound this romantic pair!"

* * *

A Strange Prophecy and its Tragic Sequel.

Diane de Poictiers' dream of love came to a tragic end one day when France was en fête for the wedding of Henry's eldest daughter and the King of Spain. The King of France determined to show the world that he was still the finest jouster in Europe, and had arranged to challenge all comers in person. The tourney was to last a week. Queen Catherine was beside herself with fear for the King, and implored him not to venture too far. Henry laughed, and his wife consulted an astrologer, who said the King would be killed. She told this prophecy to Henry, who scoffed at it. But he, too, was superstitious, and secretly consulted another astrologer, who said His Majesty would die tragically, but that it would be in a duel. Thus, with his forebodings temporarily stilled, Henry rode out on the morning of the joust, and vanquished all-comers. His luck lasted till the fifth day of the Tourney, when, however, he met his match in a Scottish lance, whose weapon found a lodgment in Henry's brain. He died, and Diane de Poictiers retired to her palace at Anet, where she died seven years later.

"Indirectly," says a leader-writer, "going to picture palaces may tend to make a man or woman want to commit suicide." We have been to one or two, and we wanted to murder the manager. Then the commentator sends forth the dictum that the cinema is a drug, the cheapest drug on the market. As to that, ask the theatrical touring companies. It is putting them to sleep.

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Here are a few examples of the exceedingly stylish models produced by Madame Maude:

607.—A becoming **Street Costume**—a useful thing for present wear. The coat is cut well over the hips, so as to show the graceful lines of the wearer's figure, and the skirt is a comfortable walking length. Tweed is an excellent material for the development. **The Paper Pattern is 1d.**

158. Fine Rags a Blouse is a great favourite with business girls, being at once neat and distinguished. It looks well in any of the regular blouse stuffs—flannel, wincey, casement cloth, print and so on. Either a plain coloured or fancy—striped for preference—material may be used. **The pattern is 2d.**

158. Smart Regime

592.—Skirts of all the latest types are supplied by Madame Maude. This smart two-piece model is a good example. The lower portion of the front seam is closed with button and buttonhole, so that, when [illegible] is required, one of the fashionable slits can be produced by simply undoing some or all of the buttons. **Paper Pattern 1d.**

592. New two-piece Skirt.

No. 165.

Madame Maude has made the flapper a subject of her most careful study during the last few years, and there is no greater living authority on dressing girls of the difficult "between" ages in good taste. This dress is a typical example of her skill; it combines perfect simplicity with a strong element of style, and, when developed in the right material, of a colour suited to the wearer's complexion, nothing could be more pleasing.

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165. Becoming Skirt Blouse for Flapper

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MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The first round ties in the English Cup Competition gave us some extraordinary results, such as the 'Spurs' draw with Leicester Fosse at five goals each; and Sheffield United's victory over Newcastle United by 5 to 0—to mention only two of them. In First League football such clubs as Newcastle United are supposed to have such resources at their command that they can always have one of the best teams in the country playing for them. But the longest purse does not always succeed in getting together and keeping at the top of their form a "team of all the talents," and even then a side composed of a galaxy of stars is not always certain to win cup matches. Sunderland was the side that first earned the name of "team of all the talents" back in Mr. Tom Watson's [illegible] years ago. And even then, successful as were the Sunderland boys, they could not lift the English Cup, and they never have done so.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE CUP TIES.

Newcastle's debacle last Saturday was an extraordinary one. Injuries to Hall and Goodwill deprived them of two of their forwards by the end of the first half, and then after the interval Wilson, their goalkeeper, was also laid out, and they battled along to the end with but eight [illegible].

It is a case of getting a good defence together at Tottenham. They have never been really well served at back since Harry Frentz and Sandy Tait, the two backs who played for the club when they won the Cup in 1901, finished their playing career. They had a fairly good defence when they went through the Second League and gained promotion in their first year of membership of the Football League, but Coquet, who now plays for Fulham, their sheet anchor then, and the biggest mistake the management of the club have ever made was in letting that erratically brilliant performer leave the club. Collins and Webster are not good enough, or fast enough, to hold their own in First League football, and so it comes about that the forwards have to score three or four goals to win a match, and against Leicester Fosse, a junior team, they had to get five to save themselves from defeat.

TWO OF THE NEW-COMERS TO REPRESENTATIVE FOOTBALL.
FRANK BUCKLEY OF DERBY COUNTY AND
THEY HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE NORTH AGAINST ENGLAND

Except in the matter of scoring there was not much the matter with the games played on Saturday, and most of the results were in accordance with expectation. There should be some keener and more exciting games in the next round, on January 31.

THE LAST INTERNATIONAL TRIAL.

The F.A. Selection Committee have chosen two very strong sides for the last international trial—England v. the North—at Sunderland on January 21. They are as follows:

England.—Hardy (Aston Villa); Crompton (Blackburn) and Pennington (West Bromwich Albion); Brittleton (Sheffield Wednesday), McCall (Preston North End) and Watson (Burnley); Walden (Tottenham Hotspur), Fleming (Swindon), V. J. Woodward (Chelsea), Holley (Sunderland) and Mosscrop (Burnley).

North.—Beale (Manchester United); Hudspeth (Newcastle) and English (Sheffield United); Cuggy (Sunderland), Buckley (Derby County) and Utley (Sheffield United); Simpson (Blackburn Rovers), Shea (Blackburn Rovers), Elliott Middlesbrough), Latheron (Blackburn Rovers) and Martin (Sunderland).

Reserves: Whalley (Manchester United) and Fazackerly (Sheffield United).

THE ENGLAND TEAM.

No one expected that the two last lines of defence, goal and back, would be changed. Probably Beale, the Manchester United goalkeeper, who will play for the North, is as good as Hardy, but while the latter retains his tried form and remains equal to the best, it seems suicidal policy in a Selection Committee to change such an important position as that of goalkeeper for mere sentimental reasons, and so Hardy will have to be eclipsed at Sunderland by the United player to lose his cap. Pennington and Crompton obviously could not be tampered with at back. They are still the two best backs in the country in a lean period so far as full-backs are concerned, if the laments we hear from all the big League clubs are correct. Sunderland have a great little right-back in Hobson, but I am not certain that he is English. If he was born this side of the Tweed he should certainly be in the North team in preference to Hudspeth, or I know nothing of footer. Pennington and Crompton are the old firm which has represented England so well in the past and, like Hardy, they will stay until better men arise. Crompton is a veteran, but seems, like good wine, to improve with age. He has the biggest collection of caps in the country, leaving out the amateur internationals, of course, for in them Vivian Woodward is an easy first.

Going from the backs to the forwards, for that is the next most interesting line, I am pleased to congratulate Woodward on being placed in the centre-forward berth again. Easily the brainiest centre-forward in England at the present moment, he is, to my mind, essentially a centre-forward and not an inside-left or inside-right, as the Chelsea Club managers seem to think. His best work for the 'Spurs in the seasons when he was really at his best was done in that position, and if he does not get quite so many goals as some of the sharp-shooters of to-day, he makes innumerable openings for the men on either hand, and I can imagine Fleming and Holley having a good time in this match.

Fleming ought to be in any England side. Like Holley he is a player of the type that can win a match off his own boot. Little Walden should be in his element with Fleming on the right wing, for the opposing backs and half-backs will have two men to watch instead of one, as is so often the case. Two individualists who can yet play in combination, it is impossible to tell what their next move will be, and both are as elusive as the Scarlet Pim-

pernel was to the French officials at the time of the revolution. Mosscrop, the Burnley outside-left, who partners Holley on the other wing, I don't know so well, but his club record makes him out a very capable performer.

Little Wedlock, the Bristol City box o' tricks, seems to have fallen from his high estate, and McCall, the Preston centre-half, has dropped quite naturally into the position. Brittleton on his right and Watson on the other wing are two splendid half-backs. Altogether it is a great England side, and will not, I think, be much altered for the first international.

THE NORTH SIDE.

The North side is also a splendid one. The half-back line, Cuggy, Buckley and Utley, is quite as strong as the England trio. In the North perhaps they will tell you that Simpson and Shea will make a better right wing than Walden and Fleming, but there, I think, they have to stop, unless they mention Elliott's claims against Woodward's. It is a little curious that the last matches these two fine players took part in were at Belfast, and on both occasions they were both off their game.

THE SUMMERS-McCORMICK FIGHT.

The defeat of Johnny Summers in Sydney by Tom McCormick would indicate that the Canning Town welter-weight is on the retrograde path. I have seen McCormick in some of his hardest fights, notably with Gus Platts, and two or three years ago I should like to have had a packet on Summers to beat both of them in two days. Still, Johnny, one of the most popular boxers of the present day, has had a nice innings, both as a light and a welter-weight.

HEINRICH SCHMIDT THE AMERICAN AMATEUR: WHO GAVE OUR PLAYERS SUCH A FRIGHT LAST YEAR — HE HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF COMING OVER THIS YEAR.

THE CARPENTIER-LANGFORD SPOOF.

The match between Georges Carpentier and Sam Langford for the world's Light-heavy Weight Championship is, I expect, a delightful bit of spoof on the part of Mr. Joe Woodman and the negro. I do not believe for one moment that Langford can make 12st. 7lb. If he does he has a gruelling time before him in training.

BILLIARDS.

Those two young billiard pros, Tom Newman and A. F. Peall, seem to have been given too much start in the London Tournament at Burroughes and Watts's saloon, Soho Square. They have both played their games and won them all. What a clash when they have to meet, probably to decide the destination of the premier award. Meanwhile, some of the older professors are grousing, and Stevenson especially has had a sorry time so far. The latter, by the way, seems to be quite out of form at present, but there will probably be a different tale to tell when he has to meet Gray or Reece to decide which of the pair is to oppose Newman in the final of the Billiards Control Club Championship.

THE FIRST BIG GOLF MATCH.

With the turn of the year we begin to think of the big golf matches of the coming year. A start will be made on April 29th, when Abe Mitchell, Harry Vardon, Ted Ray, and George Duncan meet at St. George's Hall. From that time onward there is plenty of professional golf, and early in May the *Sphere and Tatler* £350 foursomes will be played at Sunningdale.

SWIMMING.

Apparently Jabez Wolffe has given up his quest of the conquest of the English Channel. His latest idea is to establish a record by swimming from the Eddystone Rock to Plymouth, a distance of some fourteen miles across the current. The feat has never been accomplished, and those who know say it never will be, but Wolffe has already fixed on June 15 for the task. What an optimist!

A FINE CROSS-COUNTRY PERFORMER.

A. C. Telfer, the Cambridge University Cross-Country crack, put up a capital performance by winning the inter-club race between the Blackheath Harriers and the Thames Hare and Hounds at Putney last week end. He finished at the head of the field of 107 runners. I hear on excellent authority that Telfer will represent Blackheath in the forthcoming National Championship. His form in this race will be watched with interest, for it was certainly inferior to the Rhodes' scholars who opposed Cambridge and Oxford in the inter-'Varsity struggle.

THE CHIEL AMANG

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

H. J. L. (Camperdown, Victoria, Australia).—Thanks for comp. Have passed on your letter to Mr. Diamond. The Cody Fund closed.

Tommy (Carlisle).—We handed your "original" joke to the sub. instructions to take it along to the British Museum as the oldest in existence.

Veritas (Shipley).—Congrats. But don't make a beast of your the thirty bob.

L. S. (Folkestone).—1. Can recommend the firm mentioned. lished on Monday in the provinces. 3.—Don't know. Ask Bob himself.

Elsie C. (Norwich).—Don't know, but the L.C.C. might tell you

H. D. (Lancaster).—You could obtain the article you mention of the big London stores.

D. W. (Chelsea).—Our sympathies. You're a silly ass, anyway.

Archibald (Reigate).—Of course any ordinary paper would say "Certainly not!" But we—we refrain.

A. J. (Balham).—Your joke of bluish hue should have been sent contemporary of ours of pinkish hue. As it is, it set the w.p.b.

Theophilus (Richmond).—No, Theophilus, we cannot publish Nymph's Dream."

G. K. (Litchfield).—Several cinema firms are open to consider but they must be original.

E. T. (Aberavon).—Radium was discovered in 1902 by Madame

H. B. (Durham).—Your scrawl is undecipherable. Our tame Editor spent two days over it and is now showing signs of brain

J. J. (Brighton).—Divine sentiment. Love! But in your poem handled it as if it were fish and chips. Too vinegary.

P. H. (Gloucester).—About the only inanimate object in the which we have any regard is the waste paper basket. It's such object!

Insured One (Harlesden).—Our esteemed contemporary, the "Daily might air your Insurance Act grievance. We shan't.

Constant Reader (Clapham).—Steer clear of the inexperienced gentlemen for the stage. 'Ware of preliminary

S. T. (Wandsworth).—Thanks, no! We don't care for anonymous pars. Sender may have an axe to grind, and we are not in cutlery sharpening business.

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COMPETITION.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches played on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914. One of these correctly filled in carry off our "**£4 a week for life**" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve to the newsagent whose name and address appear on the coupon successful in securing our first prize. The coupon will also appear issues dated Jan. 31st and Feb. 7th.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU

CLOSING DATE:—

(First Post) FRIDAY, FEB. 6

Further particulars on back page.

THE ELDERLY CUPID.

...upid peeped into the artist's studio and what he saw ...re nearly made him swear. He saw a picture of a ...y pretty girl sitting in a chair and a rosy child with ...gs aiming a dart at her left side, from an exceedingly ...ld bow. There were many roses in the picture—the ...d was naked, beneath was written in small black let-...—"Cupid's Dart."

"Sickening," said the real Cupid, "besides being very ...cent. He might have put in a few clouds at least. ...here is one thing I hate, it's this eternal fat child—he ...ms to be all over the place. He is in museums in every ... in the world, he is in pictures in Italy, and on the ...ge of palaces, and on hair brushes in bedrooms, and ...ybody is deluded into thinking it's me."

...omeone drew close beside Cupid and spoke to him; it ... Father Time, and he was giggling.

"The boy who never grew up," he chuckled.

...upid sniffed.

"Never grew up. Good gracious, ever since that fiasco ...he garden of Eden I have been growing up, and still ...this enlightened century they paint me as a year-old ...d. How can I be a child?"

"Bit impos," said Father Time. "Now, I'm always ...e with an hour-glass and a beard. Well, you know as ... as I do, that the hour-glass got mislaid in the deluge ...ful thieves that lot in the Ark—and as for the beard, ...e is quite enough about me to encourage cobwebs, ...t asking for them, as it were."

...id put his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Funny world," he said. "One lot of people panting ...the new, and one lot of people hunting for the old. ...w philosophers and wise men and women can per-... themselves that the god of love is a child, is ...nd me. I *was* a child. Now I think all I have to ... forward to is second-childhood and dotage. But I ...so sick of that child and rosebud delusion. Someone ...t to tell them the truth."

"...ings have changed," said Father Time. "I must ... that. Why, lovers used to be so simple and ...ant; now there are no end of complications. Couples ... to do their courting in a good straightforward way; ...now, what with flappers and knuts, it's a very different ... You knew where you'd got Adam and Eve, but ...

...pid filled up the pause himself.

"...ow every girl has at least six men she might marry ...the to-do there is before she finally condemns one of ... is about as much as I can stand. It used to be only ...etters, and I could manage with them, but now there ...telegrams, telephones and express letters, and so I ...let some of 'em rip. I'm not going to be hurried by ...couple, that is flat. Let 'em mess their own affairs ...

...er Time sighed.

"...owadays everything is 'behind the times,'" he said, ...else it's months ahead of me, and I don't know where ... It'll take me a bit of a time to catch up with those ...ists!"

...pid sighed also.

"...an old, old man," he averred, "and they will try ...make a boy of me. Talk about rosebuds and darts ...ly enough, and in the same breath slay an ideal and ... a wireless message to someone else's husband. Last ... I was in India, and I saw a girl there doing mystic ... to bring her lover back to her. I looked about for ...and found him a few miles away, sitting alone think-...ont her. So I fixed things up for them. I call that ...rity. But in London here, I found a girl laughing ... a box of love letters, and the man who had written ... was at his home nursing twins his wife had just ...ted him with. Complicated! 'Nother man I saw ... was waiting for a fortune before proposing to his ... I looked round for the girl, and there she was sitting ...rich Colonel's knee and saying 'Yes' to him, with ... the other fellow would have died for."

..."moral lot," said Father Time.

..."etting worse," grunted Cupid. "And the silly ... actually think that a child with no clothes on and ...ath of rosebuds round his leg is going to settle all ...affairs for them. I did try to once, but I'm getting ...raged. A simple love affair pleased me, but these ... symphonies give me brain fag."

... Time laughed a little.

"I know what you feel, but perhaps the world will grow young again some day?"

"I don't think!" said Cupid shortly. "No danger of that. O Time, you ought to know in your great wisdom, that women having once tasted freedom will never again resume their proper place. The people of the future will want no Time and no Love. They'll erect two new guys, and call 'em Hurry and Emotion, and they'll still paint you with an hour-glass and me as a child."

"It is getting late," said Father Time, slowly. "Let's be getting along, and personaliy I vote that we leave the grown-ups to pave Hell with their good intentions, and look after the children."

"Who is coming this way?" asked Cupid suddenly.

Father Time hurried along.

"Oh, let us get out of the way. It's Fashion, and she has outstripped me, and she is doing you out of your job as fast as she can."

And the two old men hurried out along the broad path to the moon, keeping well in the shadow from laughing Dame Fashion.

C. N.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A man may boast that he is complete master of himself and not have much to boast of at that.

* * *

The less a man knows about women the more wisdom he has.

* * *

Some men never weary of talking about the things they used to do.

* * *

Few folks look in mirrors to see if their morals are not straight.

* * *

The man who tries to hear all sides becomes anxious to hear the end before he gets through.

* * *

Man proposes, God disposes, woman discomposes, the divorce-court interposes, and the press exposes.

* * *

Most of us spend more time than money—for good and sufficient reasons.

* * *

Undertakers are men who follow the medical profession.

* * *

A vivid imagination is as dangerous as a little learning.

* * *

Self-love is not only blind, but it's incurable.

* * *

No woman ever looks at matrimony from a man's point of view.

* * *

Fine feathers make fine birds for husbands to growl over.

* * *

The more money a woman has the less use she has for a man.

* * *

After acquiring the art of talking well a wise man keeps still.

* * *

Some women change colour—if the first package is not satisfactory.

* * *

Few women ever see their ideal of feminine perfection outside a mirror.

* *

If men had the gift of second sight there would be fewer cases of love at first.

* * *

A woman's idea of wrong is something a man does that would be a mistake if she did it herself.

* * *

After a man finds himself in a hole it's surprising how many people there are who could have told him what path he might have taken to avoid it.

* * *

When the warship hits a rock the naval appropriation goes into the sinking fund.

* * *

Don't do any worrying to-day that you can put off till to-morrow.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The investor is now anxiously looking forward to his dividend on Railway Stock, and for the convenience of my readers interested in this market, I give below a list of the likely dates on which the Companies' half-yearly dividends will be declared.

Date.	Company.
January 27th	Great North of Scotland.
January 28th	Highland.
January 28th	South-Eastern and Chatham.
January 28th	South-Eastern.
January 29th	Metropolitan.
January 30th	Great Northern.
February 2nd	Lancashire and Yorkshire.
February 3rd	Hull and Barnsley.
February 6th	Great Central.
February 6th	Great Eastern.
February 10th	Caledonian.
February 11th	Furness.
February 11th	London, Brighton and South Coast.
February 12th	North British.
February 13th	London and North-Western.
February 13th	Midland.
February 13th	North-Eastern
February 18th	Great Western
February 18th	London and South-Western.

* * *

The fact that the general carry-over took place last week restricted business considerably, and little inclination has been shown by the professionals to do fresh business and encourage public support.

* * *

The South African news comes as another very grave and disturbing factor of markets generally, but to the Mining Market in particular. It looks as if the chance for Kaffirs or Rhodesians is to be postponed for a very long day.

* * *

The little boom in Russian mines has died down, and as it is not likely that the public have had much of a hand in it, and as I do not recommend dealings here, it is not worth going into the merits of the respective shares in this market, but I shall be pleased to deal with any enquiries from readers who may be interested.

* * *

Profit taking has led to numerous lower prices among Motor shares, and readers will remember my hinting last week that the shares of the best Companies in this group were now at high-water mark.

* * *

Sunbeam, Rovers, Swift, and Royal Enfield are among the best here.

* * *

In Oil shares, practically the only feature has been Kern Rivers, on the strike of oil on the property of its subsidiary, the St. Helens Petroleum Co.

* * *

Venezuelan Concessions have also been actively dealt in on reported favourable discoveries.

* * *

Is there still hope for the Maikop field? I quote below two interesting telegrams from the Maikop field, which may lead shareholders to think that after all the position is not quite so hopeless as it appeared to be a few months ago.

* * *

Since the Premier Company has been in the hands of the Anglo Maikop, oil has been struck in two wells, and now a third well has reached the first oil source.

* * *

Maikop Premier—Telegram dated Apsheronskaya, 10th instant:—"Premier (New); well No. 3—Plot 488 struck oil this morning at 925 ft. Column of oil 474 (?) ft. Shall we drill down to second source or exploit. . . . (?) Estimate second source 50 ft. deeper. Telegraph." (Office note—The above telegram arrived mutilated and is being repeated.)

* * *

Levanovskoe—Production (week ended 10th instant), 2,600 poods (42 tons). Well No. 3—Depth, 1,710 ft., lowering 9¼ ins. column. Well No. 4—Depth, 1,[illegible] Struck oil; gas very strong.

* * *

The report from the Levanovskoe is important, [illegible] is possible that further news may come to hand any [illegible] It is also reported that the Maikop Victory Company struck oil at 790 feet in the new well on plot 488; this plot is one of those taken over by the Victory from the Maikop Spies.

* * *

Of course, an advance in the output of the [illegible] generally would benefit the unfortunate Pipe Line Company.

* * *

Although the profits earned by the subsidiary of the Camp Birds, Limited, would have allowed for the distribution of an interim dividend at the rate of 15 per cent., the directors of that company have decided to postpone the dividend in view of the political uncertainty in Mexico.

* * *

At the Camp Bird Mine they state the earnings for the six months have been satisfactory, amounting to £40,000.

* * *

It is very bad news for Mexican securities generally to learn that the Mexican Government has now decided to suspend temporarily the service of the Foreign and Internal Bonded Debt.

* * *

It is highly advisable that readers have nothing whatever to do with Mexican stocks or shares, until the country is at peace again, and I am afraid this will not be until General Huerta has retired from the picture.

* * *

Any reader requiring advice how to buy or sell shares, or requiring the name of a stockbroker, should write to me.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

I quote below my usual list of first-class investments which are all strict Trustee Securities:—

Metropolitan Water Board 3 per cent. B Stock	75	...	£4	1	6 per cent.
India 2½ per cent. Stock	61	...	£4	2	0 per cent.
Great Western Railway 5 per cent. Guaranteed Stock ...	122½	...	£4	2	6 per cent.
Metropolitan District Railway 5 per cent. Debenture Stock	134¾	...	£4	9	0 per cent.

* * *

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES.

this week I am replying to all applicants by post.

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If lack of height is keeping YOU from attaining success in business or sport, do not regard the matter as a drawback which you cannot surmount, but take up my special exercises and increase your height by from two to three inches, as so many others have done.

The letters from students printed on this page furnish conclusive proof that my system can do what I claim for it. I have never met any of these pupils personally, and have given them just the same attention as I give to all my other students. Their full names and addresses will be sent to all inquirers.

My system does not consist of merely straightening you up, but produces real growth.

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in Height

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all-round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your System I have added approximately three inches to my height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

W. B. (Kenley) writes: "When I commenced your course my height was 5 feet 2½ inches. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5 feet 4¼ inches. This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course. As regards general fitness, I must say it has increased marvellously."

R. J. M. (Cwmgwrach) writes: "I am very pleased with the results. I do not think it was a case of straightening me up, because I do not think anyone could be more erect than I am. I was once taken for a deserter from the Army two years before I enlisted, so you can judge from that."

J. M. A. (Belfast) writes: "My health never was better, and I have obtained a splendid all-round development. Even the people that come in and out of the shop say I am getting bigger and looking healthier every day, so I think that is something to be proud of, for before I took up your system it was quite the reverse."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

Your Opportunity.

Your health and general physique will be tremendously improved by my exercises, which will do these things for you at the same time as they increase your height.

Unlike so many exercises, you will not find mine tedious to perform, but will be extremely interested in them, and will take keen pleasure in practising them.

No drugs or appliances of any kind are used, and there is no possibility of overstrain, for the exercises are natural movements, though of a special character.

I do not undertake cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilage are less susceptible to increase, and a disappointed student would be no recommendation to my system.

All my instructions are given by post, and it is just as easy for me to instruct students residing abroad as it is to deal with those in London.

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Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my unrivalled system. You need not trouble to write a letter. Just send your name and address to:

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Now that the entries for the Spring handicaps and important weight-for-age races for the coming flat-racing campaign have been made known, there is a revived interest in the game, which, however, will not be fully manifested until the weights are published on the 29th inst. Taken all round, the nominations are eminently satisfactory, both as regards numbers and quality, there being an increase of thirteen on last year's aggregate of 367 for the eight chief events. The first of the handicaps, the Lincolnshire, down for decision on March 25th, —Wednesday instead of the customary Tuesday—has forty-four subscribers, which is seven fewer than last year, and many were surprised to find the names of Santair, Castleton, Diadumenos, Bugler, and others, missing from the entry. Still, there is plenty of material for a fine race, and without doubt it will provoke a great deal of speculation.

Everyone is glad to see that popular horse, Long Set, entered again—it was rumoured last year that Mr. Sol Joel intending sending him to the stud—and the winner of two seasons ago will doubtlessly be allotted top weight. Mr. Joel has nominated Maiden Erlegh and St. Gall, as well as Long Set, and with this trio he holds a very strong hand. Mr. Joel's brother, J. B., is the biggest patron of the race, and with Spanish Prince, Blue Stone, Radiant, Sun Yat, and Happy Warrior, Morton, his trainer, has plenty of talent to work upon for a likely candidate at Lincoln. It is worthy of mention that Happy Warrior is the only three-year-old entered in the race. Last year's winner, Berrilldon, and the disqualified Cuthbert, whose partiality for the Carholme course is so well known, are again nominated, and other good horses in the list are Light Brigade, Cigar, Eton Boy, Sir Martin, and Aldegond, all of whom will most certainly meet with support if weighted to the connection's satisfaction.

The Great Metropolitan gained the biggest nomination, and with 58 entries the Epsom long-distance race has fared very well indeed. It is curious, though, that the first four in the last Cesarewitch, Fiz Yama, Grave Greek, Lavaine and Wagstaff, are not entered. Many of those in the Lincolnshire are also nominated for the other big Epsom event, the City and Suburban, and no doubt the Carholme Handicap will throw some light on the ultimate result of the later race.

French horses are likely to play a big part in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup, as their entries, including sealed nominations, number ten. Of these, Nimbus is well known over here, as he was placed fourth in our last Derby after being interfered with during the race by the suffragette's mad and fatal action in throwing herself in front of the King's horse, Anmer. Bruleur will be recalled as the winner of last year's Grand Prix de Paris.

Three meetings are down for decision this week, Manchester occupying the first two days, Newbury Wednesday and Thursday, and Kempton Park Friday and Saturday. It is to be hoped that the fixture at Castle Irwell will meet with a better fate than their New Year Meeting, which was abandoned owing to frost. On Monday the Club Steeplechase may be won by Simon the Lepper, the Broughton Maiden Hurdle by Nightcap, and the Monday Selling Steeplechase by King's Cure. On the second day Wavylace should take the Salford Maiden Steeplechase, Flitting Light the City Selling Hurdle, and Heathstone the Castle Handicap Steeplechase.

The Weyhill Handicap Hurdle at Newbury on Wednesday may fall to Limerock, the Maiden Four-Year-Old Hurdle to Crystal Gazer, and the Sefton Maiden Steeplechase to Fleeting Peace. On Thursday Molly's Birthday may secure the Berkshire Maiden Hurdle, Axle Pin the Winchester Handicap Steeplechase, and Grey Coronet the Lambourne Selling Hurdle.

On the opening day at Kempton Park the Handicap Hurdle, in which the Lincolnshire Handicap horses, Moscato, Eton Boy, and Romeo, are entered, may fall to the last-named if he can beat Red Damsel. The Littleton Handicap Steeplechase should be won by Durrain, and the Paddock Maiden Steeplechase by Schoolmoney. Miss Sweetie may win the Ditton Selling Hurdle on Saturday, The Last the Cranford Steeplechase, and Captain Dreyfus the Hanworth Park Handicap Hurdle.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

On October 11th, Anno Domini, 1913, in number 23 of that invaluable and world-widely circulated weekly journal, MODERN LIFE, I wrote upon a proposal made shortly before in the columns of the *Evening News*, that men should copy their women-folk in the art of self-expression in clothes, should get off the deadly hum-drum of coat, vest and trousers, in black, blue and grey, and generally liven up with a bit of the dare-the-devil and hang modesty which women exploit in their hobble skirts and knitted coats, displaying bust and hips to the imperfectly concealed admiration of the youth and age of the opposite sex.

* * *

On the above date I asked, "Are trouser legs to be cut open from knee to boot with pearlies, for adornment in fine weather, and for use in wet weather?" On November 1st, also, in this paper our artist "G.A.S." made some humorous pictorial suggestions, one being a nut in trousers slashed from the knee. Now, on January 6, 1914, the *Daily Telegraph* appears with a column headed, "'Nutty' Trousers. American idea ridiculed," and discourses thus:

Some of us remember Mr. Walter Passmore's exultant exclamation in "The Earl and the Girl"— "It ain't the coat wot makes the man; why, demme, it's the trousers." So, evidently, think certain sartorial experts in America, when they suggest, as we are told, that fashion is about to prescribe to the "nuts" on the other side, nether garments that shall be "slashed" or "slit," just as women's skirts are, according to the prevailing vogue. Of course, the prospect of "slashed" trousers opens up—as it were—endless possibilities, even to the average male mind. We seem to see visions of open-work socks vastly more elaborately embroidered than they are now in Dudeland. Also do there seem to loom up enchanting dreams of fairy footwear, be-jewelled shoe-strings, and dainty garters—with, perhaps, a bit of airy frilling thrown in. For, once you open the floodgates of fashion at the trousers seams from the knee downwards—that is, assuming that the innovation is to be confined to the line betwixt the knee and the ankle—where are you to stop? But, after all, why dally with the modern trousers at all? Why not hark back to the knee-breeches of our fore-fathers? Or, if the desire be to exploit the grace of the male calf and ankle, what is wrong with the kilt? But, perhaps, the kilt might reveal too much the poverty of the prospect, as it were, from below the knee. It takes a shapely man to wear the kilt properly.

"Slashed trousers!" said a leading tailor in the West End yesterday, when the subject was broached to him by a representative of *The Daily Telegraph*. "Why," he exclaimed, "the thing is simply absurd!"

* * *

Now, I call this very pretty writing and an excellent elaboration of the idea, but why drag America into the discussion of a mock proposal made in MODERN LIFE three months previously. Perhaps the *Daily Telegraph* did not wish to offend the finer susceptibilities of MODERN LIFE, but it was unnecessary solicitude. We could have borne it. The point I like best in the *affaire* is the solemn condemnation of the new idea by the "leading West End tailor."

* * *

I have been shopping this week, and struck one of those shops I detest, that is where the salesman presses and pushes an article upon you *ad nauseam*, and as if you had no mind or will of your own. Now, I have no wish to be rude to any shop assistant, and I know that in a good shop, such as I was then in, the assistants are usually selected from their knowledge of the goods they are to handle and sell, but I also know that in the shopping world there is an institution known in shop-ese as "spiffs," sometimes as "tinges," which means as follows: A shopkeeper has on hand a piece of cloth, a tie, or what you please, which for one reason or another he wishes cleared out. He then "spiffs" this with a private mark which means so many pence commission to the salesman or saleswoman, who succeeds in selling it. When therefore a salesman is persistent in pressing upon me an article, whether I happen to like it or not, I "hae ma doots." Let the man who pays the piper choose the tune, is my motto.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

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WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

Conditions Governing the Competition.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 6 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 6th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish add ess can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 6.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BURNLEY	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC
DERBY COUNTY	v.	BLACKBURN
ASTON VILLA	v.	WEST BROMWICH
NEWCASTLE	v.	BOLTON
TOTTENHAM	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED
PRESTON	v.	CHELSEA
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	BRADFORD CITY
BURY	v.	WOOLWICH
FULHAM	v.	STOCKPORT
HULL	v.	BIRMINGHAM
BRADFORD	v.	GLOSSOP
BARNSLEY	v.	GRIMSBY
LEICESTER	v.	LEEDS
NOTTS COUNTY	v.	CLAPTON
CARDIFF	v.	COVENTRY
MILLWALL	v.	NORWICH
SWINDON	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE
EXETER CITY	v.	WATFORD
MERTHYR	v.	SOUTHAMPTON
WEST HAM	v.	PLYMOUTH

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

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